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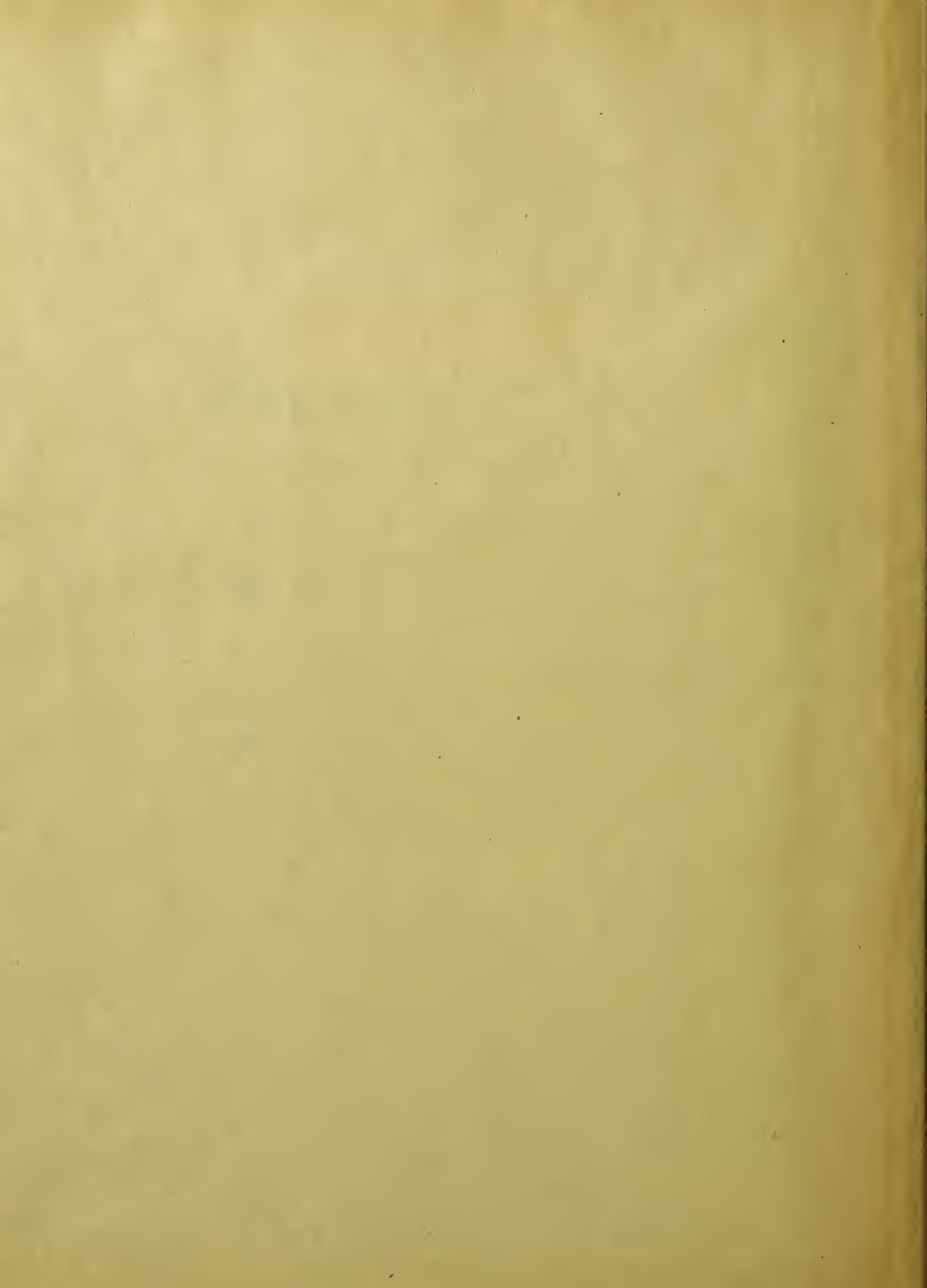


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GEORGE BUTTERWORTH

FOLK SONGS

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PREFACE

These eleven songs are chosen from the collection which Mr. Francis Jekyll and I have been making during the last six years. At this time of day I suppose it is hardly necessary to state that the tunes are printed exactly as they were sung, without "improvement" of any sort. As regards the words, every collector knows that they almost always require a certain amount of editing. One reason for this is that the words as sung very frequently contain obvious errors and corruptions; perhaps a rhyming word has been forgotten and a non-rhyming one substituted. Such mistakes are easily rectified as a rule, especially in cases where broadside versions are available for comparison. My principle throughout has been to alter as little as possible, and when doing so to adhere as closely as I could to the style of the original, never using any word or expression which could not occur in a folk-ballad.

In the following list I give the sources from which the songs were obtained :

- (1) **Yonder stands a lovely creature.** Noted by Francis Jekyll. Tune given by Mr. Martin, Fletching; words by Mrs. Cranstone, Billingshurst.
- (2) **A Blacksmith courted me.** Tune and words given by Mr. and Mrs. Verrall, Horsham.
- (3) **Sowing the seeds of love.** Tune and words given by Mrs. Cranstone, Billingshurst.
- (4) **A lawyer he went out.** Noted by Francis Jekyll. Tune given by Mrs. Verrall, Horsham; words given partly by her, but chiefly by Mrs. Cranstone.
- (5) **Come my own one.** Tune given by the children of Mr. Walter Searle, Amberley; words taken from a broadside.
- (6) **The Cuckoo.** Tune given by Mr. Wix, Billingshurst. The words to which the tune was sung were of inferior quality, and I have substituted these verses which were given to me by Mrs. Cranstone.
- (7) **A brisk young sailor courted me.** Noted by Francis Jekyll. Tune given by Mr. Ford, Scaynes Hill; words by Mrs. Cranstone.
- (8) **Seventeen come Sunday.** Tune and words given by Mrs. Cranstone.
- (9) **Roving in the dew.** Tune and verses 1, 4, 5 given by Mrs. Cranstone; verses 2 and 3 taken from a version kindly placed at my disposal by Dr. R. Vaughan Williams.
- (10) **The true lover's farewell.** Tune given by Mrs. Cranstone; words taken from an old chap-book.
- (11) **Tarry Trowsers.** Noted by Francis Jekyll. Tune and words given by Mrs. Verrall.

Where not otherwise stated, the songs were noted by myself.

My very best thanks are due to the above-mentioned singers for their ungrudging assistance, to Mr. Jekyll for his enthusiastic co-operation, and to Miss L. E. Broadwood and Dr. R. Vaughan Williams for providing me with valuable clues and other useful information.

GEORGE BUTTERWORTH.

19 Cheyne Gardens,
London, S.W.

80/6/1912

I.

YONDER STANDS A LOVELY CREATURE.

Con spirito. $\text{♩} = 108$.

George Butterworth.

VOICE.

1. Yon - der stands a love - ly crea - ture,
 2. "Ma - dam, I am come to court you,
 3. "Ma - dam, I have gold and sil - ver,

PIANO.

f

mf

Who she is I do not know: I'll go and court her for her beau - ty,
 If your fa - vour I can gain: First your hand, love, then your wel - come,
 Ma - dam, I have house and land: Ma - dam, I have the world of plea - sure,

Let her an - swer "yes" or "no" —
 P'rhapsthat I'll not come a - gain" —
 All to be at your com - - mand?" —

1st & 2nd times. 3rd time.

1st & 2nd times. 3rd time.

p

4. "What care I for gold and sil - ver, What care I for house and land?
 5. "Ri - pest ap - ples soon - est rot - ten, Hot - test love it soon gets cold:
 6. "Af - ter net - tles then come ro - ses, Af - ter night then in comes day:

p

What care I for the world of plea - sure, So long as I've got a nice young
 Young men's words are soon for - got - ten, So pray, young man, don't speak too
 Af - ter a false love then a true love, So we — pass our time a -

1st & 2nd times. 3rd time.

man?"
 bold?"
 - way"

1st & 2nd times. 3rd time.

pp

Ad. *

II.

A BLACKSMITH COURTED ME.

Moderato.

George Butterworth.

VOICE.

1. A — blacksmith court _ ed
love's gone a _ cross those
news is come from a _

PIANO.

me nine long months and bet _ ter, He — stole my heart a _
fields with his cheeks like ro _ ses, My — love's gone a _ cross those
broad, strange news is car _ ried, Strange news is come to

way, wrote to me a let _ ter, His
fields ga - ther - ing sweet po - sies, I
tell that my love is mar - ried, There

più forte

ham-mer all in his hand he looked so brave and
 fear the scorch-ing suns will shine and spoil his
 is no truth in man, nor in fa-ther nor in

dimin.

cle-ver, And if I was with my love, I would
 beau-ty, And if I was with my love, I would
 bro-ther, And since I have lost my love, I will

dimin.

live for e-ver. 2. My
 do my du-ty. 3. Strange
 seek no oth-er. (tacet)

rit. last time

pp

Last time.

III.

SOWING THE SEEDS OF LOVE.

Allegretto molto tranquillo. ♩ = 100.

George Butterworth.

VOICE. *p*

1. I — sow — ed the seeds of
 gard' — ner was stand — ing
 li — ly I did not
 June there's a ro — sy
 wil — low — tree will

PIANO. *p*

love, It will blos — som all in the spring, It will
 by, I asked him to choose for me, He
 like, Be — cause it does fade so soon, The
 bud, And it runs all — o — ver me, Of —
 twist, And the wil — low — tree will twine, And I

blo - som in A - pril, in May, and in June, When the
 chose me the li - ly, the vio - let and pink, Each of
 vio - let and pink I did both o - ver - look, And so
 times I've been kissed by those red ro - sy lips, Till I
 wish that I was in that young man's arms, That has

small birds do sweet - ly sing. 2. My____
 them I re - fused all three. 3. The____
 now I must bide till June. 4. In____
 gained the green wil - low tree. 5. The____
 sto - len this heart of

1st, 2nd, 3rd & 4th times.

Last time.
 mine.

Last time.

pp

IV. A LAWYER HE WENT OUT.

Allegro non troppo. $\text{♩} = 112$.

George Butterworth.

VOICE. *mf*

1. A law - yer he went out one day, A
morn - ing to you, pret - ty maid, O
take you up to Lon - don town, And
have none of your Lon - don town, Nor
now she is a poor man's wife, Her

PIANO. *p*

ri - ding through the ci - ty, It was there he met with a
whi - ther are you go - ing?" "I am going a - down yon - der
all such love - ly pla - ces, I will busk you in - to a
a - ny oth - er pla - ces, I will not be busked in - to a
hus - band dear - ly loves her, And she lives a sweet and con -

hand - some maid, And he thought her so sweet and
 mea - dow," she said, "Where my fa - ther he is a -
 silk - en gown, Gold — rings and gold chains and
 silk - en gown, Gold — rings and gold chains and
 ten - ted life, There's no la - dy in town a -

1st, 2nd, 3rd & 4th times.

pret - ty. ——— 2. "Good
 mow - ing" ——— 3. "I'll
 la - ces" ——— 4. "I'll
 la - ces" ——— 5. And
 bove — her. ———

1st, 2nd, 3rd & 4th times.

Last time.

Last time.

dim. e rit. *pp*

V.

COME MY OWN ONE.

George Butterworth.

Animato. $\text{♩} = 144.$

VOICE.

mf

1. "Come my own one, come my fond one, Come my
 3. "If I'm rag-ged, love, if I'm dir - ty, love, And my
 5. "Do you think that I am fool - ish, love, Do you

PIANO.

mf

dear - est un - to me, Will you wed a poor sail - or lad That has
 clothes smell much of tar, I've sil - ver in my pock - et, love, Bright
 think - that I am mad, To wed a poor coun - try girl, Where no

p

just re - turned from sea?" 2. "You are rag - ged, love, you are dir - ty, love, And your
 gold in - great store." 4. As soon as she heard him say so Down -
 fortune is to be had?" 6. "Till a - cross the bri - ny o - cean, Where the

f

clothes smell much of tar,
on her bend-ed knees she fell,
mea - dows are so green,

So be-gone you sauc - y sail - or boy, So be-
"I will wed my dear— Hen - er - y, For I
And since you re - fuse the of - fer, love, Some

gone you— Jack Tar.
love a sail - or lad well." 7. "I'm fro - lic - some, I'm— ea - sy, Good -
o - ther girl shall wear the ring."

tem - pered and free, I don't care a sin - gle pin, my boys, What the

world thinks of me.

ff *rit.*

VI. THE CUCKOO.

George Butterworth.

Moderato, quasi Allegretto. ♩ = 112.

VOICE.

1. The cuck - oo is a mer - ry bird, she
 meet - ing is a plea - sure, but
 grave it will rot - you and
 all you young wo - men wher -

PIANO.

p

sings as she flies, She brings us good - ti - dings and
 part - ing a grief, An in - con - stant lo - ver is
 bring you to dust, There is not one in twen - ty young
 e - ver you be, Build ne - ver your nest in the

cresc.

tells us no lies; She sucks the sweet flow - ers - to
 worse than a thief; For a thief will but rob you and
 men girls can trust; They will kiss you, and court you and
 top of a tree; For the leaves they will with - er, the

*cresc.**mf*

dim.

make her sing clear, And she ne - ver sings "cuck - oo" till
 take all you have, But an in - con - stant lo - ver will
 swear to be true, And the ve - ry next mo - ment they'll
 branch - es de - cay, And the beau - ty of— fair maids will

p

1st, 2nd & 3rd times. Last time.

sum - mer is near. 2. O
 bring you to the grave. 3. The
 bid you a - dieu. 4. Come
 soon fade a - way.

1st, 2nd & 3rd times. Last time.

rit.

rit.

pp

VII.

A BRISK YOUNG SAILOR COURTED ME.

Allegretto teneramente. $\text{♩} = 120$.

George Butterworth.

VOICE.

mf

1. A brisk young sail - or
 is an ale - house in
 grief to me! I'll
 what a fool - ish

PIANO.

p

court - ed me, He stole a - way— my li - ber - ty, He
 yon - der town, Where my love goes— and sits him down, He
 tell you why, Be - cause she's got— more gold than I, Her
 girl was I To give my heart to a sail - or boy, A

won— my heart with a free good - will, He's false, I know, but I
 takes an - o - ther girl on— his knee, And don't you think that's a
 gold will waste and her beau - ty blast, And she'll be - come— like
 sail - or boy— al - though he be,— I love him bet - ter than

1st, 2nd & 3rd times. Last time.

love him still. _____ 2. There
 grief to me? _____ 3. A
 me at last. _____ 4. O he loves me. _____

1st, 2nd & 3rd times. Last time.

rit. *pp*

VIII.

SEVENTEEN COME SUNDAY.

George Butterworth.

Animato. $\text{♩} = 120$.

VOICE.

1. As I walked out one May morn - ing, one
 shoes were bright, her stock - ings white, and her
 are you go - ing, my pret - ty maid, where
 old are you, my pret - ty maid, how
 now she's with her sol - dier lad, where the

PIANO.

May morn - ing so ear - ly, As I walked out one May morn - ing, one
 buck - les shone like sil - ver, Her shoes were bright, her stock - ings white, and her
 are you go - ing, my ho - ney, Where are you go - ing, my pret - ty maid, where
 old are you, my ho - ney, How old are you, my pret - ty maid, how
 wars they are a - larm - ing, And now she's with her sol - dier lad, where the

cresc. May morn - ing so ear - ly, I o - ver - took a
 buck - les shone like sil - ver, She had a black and a
 are you go - ing, my ho - ney?" She an - swered me right
 old are you, my ho - ney?" She an - swered me right
 wars they are a - larm - ing, And the drum and fife are

hand-some maid, just as the sun was a-ri-sing,
 roll-ing eye, and her hair hung down her shoul-der,
 cheer-ful-ly, "On an er-rand for my mam-my," Rue dal day,
 cheer-ful-ly, "I am se-ven-teen come Sun-day,"
 her de-light, and a mer-ry man in the morn-ing,

Fol diddle day, Right fol did-dle dod-dle di-do. *più forte*
 1st, 2nd, 3rd & 4th times. Last time.

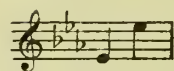
2. Her 3. Where 4. How di-do, And the 5. And *più forte*
 1st, 2nd, 3rd & 4th times. Last time.

drum and fife are her de-light, and a mer-ry man in the morn-ing,

Rue dal day, Fol-diddle day, Right fol did-dle dod-dle di-do. *allargando* *ff*
allargando

IX.

ROVING IN THE DEW.



George Butterworth.

Con anima. $\text{♩} = 152.$

VOICE.

mf

1. "Where are you go - ing to,
2. "What is your fa - ther then,
3. "What is your mo - ther then,
4. "May I come a - long with you,

PIANO.

p

my pret - ty fair maid, Red ro - sy cheeks and coal - black hair?"
 my pret - ty fair maid, Red ro - sy cheeks and coal - black hair?" "My
 my pret - ty fair maid, Red ro - sy cheeks and coal - black hair?" "The
 my pret - ty fair maid, Red ro - sy cheeks and coal - black hair?"

"I'm going a milk - ing, kind sir," she an - swered me, "For
 fa - ther's a far - mer, kind sir," she an - swered me, "For
 wife of my fa - ther, kind sir," she an - swered me, "For
 "Just as it please you, kind sir," she an - swered me, "For

1. rov - ing in the dew makes the milk - maids fair."
 2. rov - ing in the dew makes the milk - maids fair."
 3. rov - ing in the dew makes the milk - maids fair."
 4. rov - ing in the dew makes the milk - maids fair."
 5. "Sup -

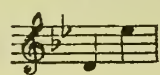
pose I ran a-way from you, my pret-ty fair maid, Red ro - sy cheeks and

coal - black hair?" "The dev - il may run af - ter you,

I will stand and laugh at you, For rov-ing in the dew makes the milk - maids fair."

X.

THE TRUE LOVER'S FAREWELL.



George Butterworth.

Moderato. $\text{♩} = 100.$

VOICE. *p*

1. "O— don't you— see— the

PIANO. *p*

lit - tle tur - tle - dove, That's sit - ting on yon - der tree, — And mak - ing moan for its

own true love, As I shall do — for — thee, my dear, As — I shall do — for — thee?" —

pp

mf

2. "O — fare you well, — my own true love, O — fare you well for a while; And

cresc. *mf*

I will sure-ly re-turn back a-gain, If I go ten thou-sand a-mile, my dear, If I

cresc. *dim.*

go ten thousand a-mile." *f* 3. "Shall the stars fall from the skies, my dear, Or the

p *cresc.* *f*

rocks melt with the sun?— I will ne-ver be false to the girl of my heart, Till

sempre f *ff*
all these things be done, my dear, Till all these things be done." *pp*

XI.

TARRY TROUSERS.

George Butterworth.

Commodo. ♩ = 112.

VOICE.

mf

1. One fine morn - ing as
 2. "Daugh - ter, I would
 3. "Sail - ors they are
 4. "Mo - ther, would you have me

PIANO.

mf *dim.* *p*

I was walk - ing, The wea - ther — be - ing
 have you mar - ry, No long - er — lead a
 given to rov - ing, In - to — fo - reign
 wed a far - mer, Take from — me my

bright and clear, I o - ver - heard a ten - der mo - ther,
 sin - gle life, "O no," said she, "I'd ra - ther tar - ry,
 parts they go; Then they leave you bro - ken - heart - ed,
 heart's de - light! Give me the lad whose tar - ry tar - ry trow - sers

Talk - ing to her daugh - ter dear. _____
 For my jol - ly sail - or bright." _____
 Full of sor - row, grief and woe." _____
 Shine to my eyes like dia - monds bright." _____

Last time.

Last time.

dim. *p*

8



GEORGE BUTTERWORTH

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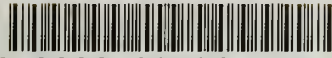
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